AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

DARING the SUPERNATURAL

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

No 9 JULY

OUT OF the NIGHT

10¢

YOU'LL NEVER ··· MAKE HER ··· YOUR VICTIM!

Can BEAUTY TOUCH THE CRUEL HEART OF A VAMPIRE? READ THE STARTLING ANSWER IN THE MOST SPINETINGLING STORY EVER··· "DEATH has WINGS"!

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Please enter my attached drawing in your April contest. **(PLEASE PRINT)**

*Name*_____ *Age*____

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Amateurs Only!

Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1953. None returned. Winners notified.

The WEIRD WAGER

HOW TERRIFIED WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU WERE SNATCHED UP INTO THE DREAD **UNKNOWN**... TO LEARN THAT YOU WERE THE SUBJECT OF A WEIRD WAGER BETWEEN **DEATH** AND **THE DEVIL**? FAR FETCHED, YOU THINK? THEN READ THE STRANGE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ONE YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE...AND LEARN THE MEANING OF **SUPERNATURAL DREAD!**

SOMEWHERE IN THE NETHERWORLD...

THEN IT'S A WAGER, SATAN... THAT HUMANS FEAR **ME** MORE THAN THEY DO **YOU!**

IT'S A WAGER, DEATH! IF YOU WIN, I CAN'T CLAIM ANY OF YOUR VICTIMS FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR ...BUT IF I WIN, I CLAIM THE SOULS OF **ALL** THE DEAD FOR A YEAR!

AGREED! WE WILL DESCEND TO EARTH TO SELECT A HUMAN...AND THEN TAKE TURNS PORTRAYING THE TERRORS THAT EACH OF US HOLDS IN STORE FOR HIM! HE WILL THEN BE GIVEN THE CHOICE OF GOING WITH EITHER YOU OR ME...AND THE ONE WHO IS CHOSEN **LOSES** THE BET, BECAUSE IT MEANS THE MORTAL FEARS THE **OTHER** ONE MORE!

HA-HA...GOOD! LET US DESCEND TO PICK OUR VICTIM **NOW!**

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THERE, SATAN---LET US PICK THAT YOUNG COUPLE AS VICTIMS! THAT WAY, WE CAN TEST BOTH MAN'S AND WOMAN'S REACTIONS TO US!

WHY NOT?--- YOU, DEATH--- YOU SHALL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF PRESENTING *YOUR* CASE FIRST!

HA-HA! ONCE THEY LEARN THE TERRORS THAT *I* HOLD IN STORE FOR THEM ---*YOU* WON'T STAND A *CHANCE!*

ALLEN, SWEETHEART--- I'M SO AFRAID SOMETIMES THAT SOMETHING WILL COME BETWEEN US---

NONSENSE, RITA, DARLING ---*NOTHING* WILL EVER SEPARATE US!

NOTHING? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ABOUT--- *DEATH?*

HUH? WHAT IS THAT CREEP?

QUICK, DRIVE AWAY FROM IT---*WHATEVER* IT IS!

FOOL---DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE *DEATH?*

FASTER, ALLEN ---*FASTER!* WE MUSTN'T LET IT GET US!

IT---IT'S NOT SAFE TO GO ANY FASTER ON THIS ROAD!

SUDDENLY---

LOOK OUT, ALLEN!

IT---IT TWISTED THE WHEEL---THE CAR'S *OUT OF CONTROL!*

CRASH!

MOMENTS LATER ...

RISE, O BODIES OF THE DEAD ... RISE!

YOU WILL FOLLOW ME ... TO THE RIVER STYX!

WE ... WE'RE DEAD, ALLEN ... BUT AT LEAST WE'RE TOGETHER!

AFTER A FLIGHT TO THE DREAD REGION OF THE NETHERWORLD ...

THERE IS CHARON ... WHO WILL FERRY YOU ACROSS THE STYX TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD!

CHARON ... THE RIVER STYX ... IT'S ALL REAL ... THE ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY IS ALL TRUE!

OH, ALLEN ... I ... I'M AFRAID!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR NOW, DARLING! WE'RE DEAD ... NOTHING WORSE CAN HAPPEN TO US!

NOTHING? HA HAA HAA!

AT THE END OF A VOYAGE OF UNSPEAKABLE HORROR ...

OFF, DOOMED ONES ... OFF!

HERE IS WHERE YOUR SOULS PERISH ... TOGETHER WITH YOUR BODIES!

BUT ... BUT I THOUGHT THERE WAS A LIFE AFTER DEATH!

THERE *IS* A LIFE AFTER DEATH FOR HUMANITY---BUT NOT FOR DEATH'S *SPECIAL* VICTIMS! AS SOON AS I TOUCH *YOU*, YOUR FLESH WILL RETURN TO DUST, YOUR BODIES CRUMPLE, WHILE YOUR SPIRITS WILL BE BANISHED TO THE ETERNAL BLACK VOID OF UTTER *NOTHINGNESS!* CLING TO EACH OTHER WHILE YOU CAN, FOR THIS IS *YOUR LAST MOMENT!*

NO···NO! WE LOVE EACH OTHER TOO MUCH ···YOU *CAN'T* DO THAT!

DON'T TEAR US APART··· *DON'T!*

IN THE NEXT MOMENT···

NO··· NO!

DON'T···

WE···WE'RE BACK IN THE CAR···*ALIVE* ···JUST AS WE WERE BEFORE *DEATH* CAME!

WAS···WAS IT ALL A TERRIBLE *HALLUCINATION?*

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE NETHERWORLD···

HA···*THAT* IS HOW YOU TRIED TO TERRIFY THEM? WHERE WERE THE TORTURES, THE AGONIES THAT MANKIND FEARS?

YOUR TURN, SATAN!

SOON AFTERWARDS···

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, DARLING···AND TRY TO FORGET WHAT HAPPENED!

WAIT, ALLEN···DON'T GO! SOMETHING'S BURNING INSIDE MY APARTMENT··· SOMETHING WITH THE SMELL OF *SULPHUR!*

I'D BETTER GET THOSE WINDOWS OPEN··· FAST!

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

ALLEN... L...LOOK!

GREAT GUNS... IT---IT'S THE DEVIL!

MAYBE IT---IT'S ANOTHER HALLUCINATION---MAYBE IT'S NOT REAL!

NOT REAL? WAIT UNTIL YOU KNOW THE TORTURES THAT MY REALM HOLDS FOR YOU! DESCEND... DESCEND INTO HADES!

HELP!

DEEP WITHIN THE FIERY REALM OF LOST SOULS...

WELCOME TO HADES! AND NOW COME---I WILL TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF MY KINGDOM!

OHHH!

HERE YOU SEE SOME OF MY SUBJECTS... AMID THE FLAMING PITS AND ETERNAL FIRES! THEIR SUFFERING IS ENDLESS... AND YET THEY *MUST* ENDURE IT!

HOW---HOW HORRIBLE!

BUT WAIT··· THERE IS YET ***MORE!*** THERE ARE THOSE LOST SOULS WHO ARE DOOMED TO PUSH THAT MIGHTY BOULDER FOR ALL ETERNITY! THEY HAVE BEEN PROMISED RELEASE IF THEY REACH THE TOP, BUT THEIR LABORS ARE IN VAIN··· FOR THE BOULDER ALWAYS FALLS JUST BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR GOAL!

IT··· IT'S ***AWFUL*** ··· THERE WERE WOMEN SUFFERING THERE, AS WELL AS MEN!

YES··· ON EARTH MANY OF THEM WERE MARRIED, OR PLEDGED TO EACH OTHER··· AND NOW THEY MEET MY ETERNAL TORTURES TOGETHER!

BUT NOW··· ***RETURN··· RETURN TO EARTH··· WHERE YOU WILL DECIDE YOUR OWN FATE!***

IN THE NEXT INSTANT···

WE'RE··· BACK! BUT ***LOOK!*** WON'T WE ***EVER*** BE FREE OF ***THEM?***

I DON'T KNOW, HONEY··· BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS IS THE ***SHOWDOWN!***

YES, THIS IS THE MOMENT WHEN YOU CHOOSE YOUR FATE! I OFFER YOU ETERNAL NOTHINGNESS AND NON-EXISTENCE··· AND YOU CAN EITHER CHOOSE TO COME WITH ME···

···OR WITH ***ME,*** WHO OFFERS YOU ETERNAL PAIN AND TORTURE! WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE? ***DECIDE··· QUICKLY!***

ARE···ARE YOU THINKING WHAT *I'M* THINKING, DARLING?

YES, SWEETHEART···THERE'S ONLY *ONE* POSSIBLE CHOICE WE CAN MAKE··· AND SINCE YOU LOVE ME, I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS!

SPEAK··· WHAT IS YOUR DECISION?

AS LONG AS WE CAN BE *TOGETHER*, WE CAN STAND *ANY* PAIN···SO WE PREFER ETERNAL TORTURE TO ETERNAL NOTHINGNESS!

YES, WE···WE CHOOSE TO GO WITH *SATAN!*

BAH!

OHH··· HE··· HE *VANISHED!*

YES···IN *DEFEAT!* I *KNEW* WHAT YOUR CHOICE WOULD BE···AND THAT WAS WHY I CHOSE A COUPLE *IN LOVE* AS THE SUBJECTS OF THE WAGER!

CRAK!

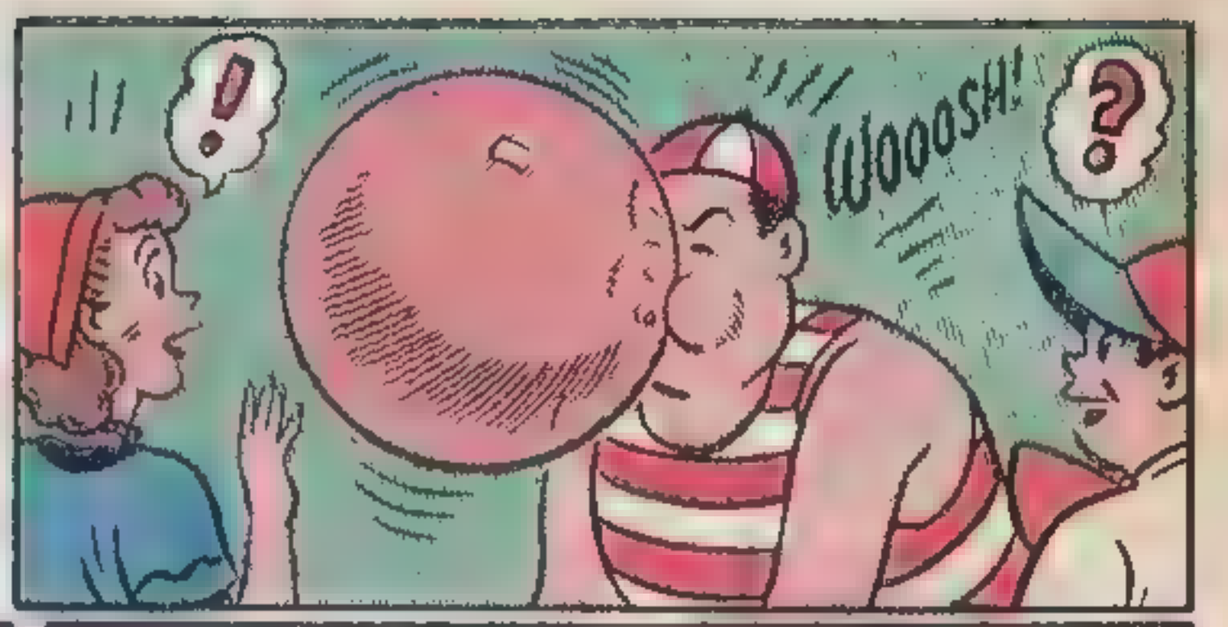
WAGER? *WHAT* WAGER?

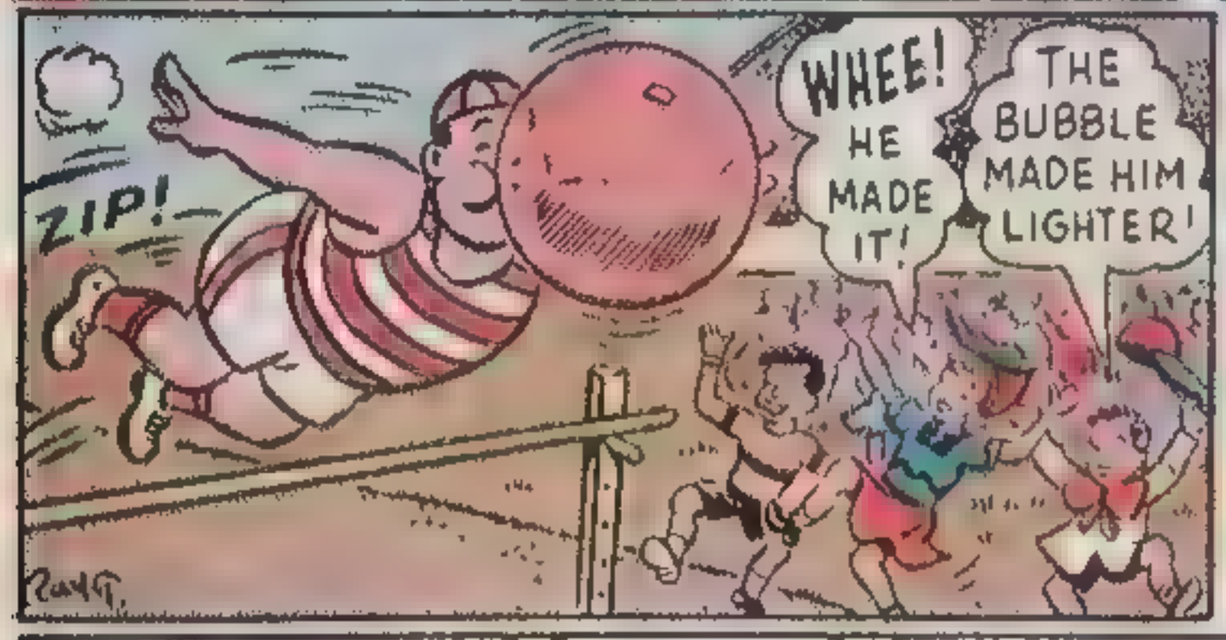
THAT DOES NOT CONCERN YOU! ALL YOU NEED KNOW IS THAT YOU NEED *NOT* COME WITH ME···NOW THAT I HAVE WON MY BET! YOU HAVE MANY, MANY YEARS BEFORE YOUR ALLOTTED TIME IS UP···BEFORE I VISIT YOU AGAIN!

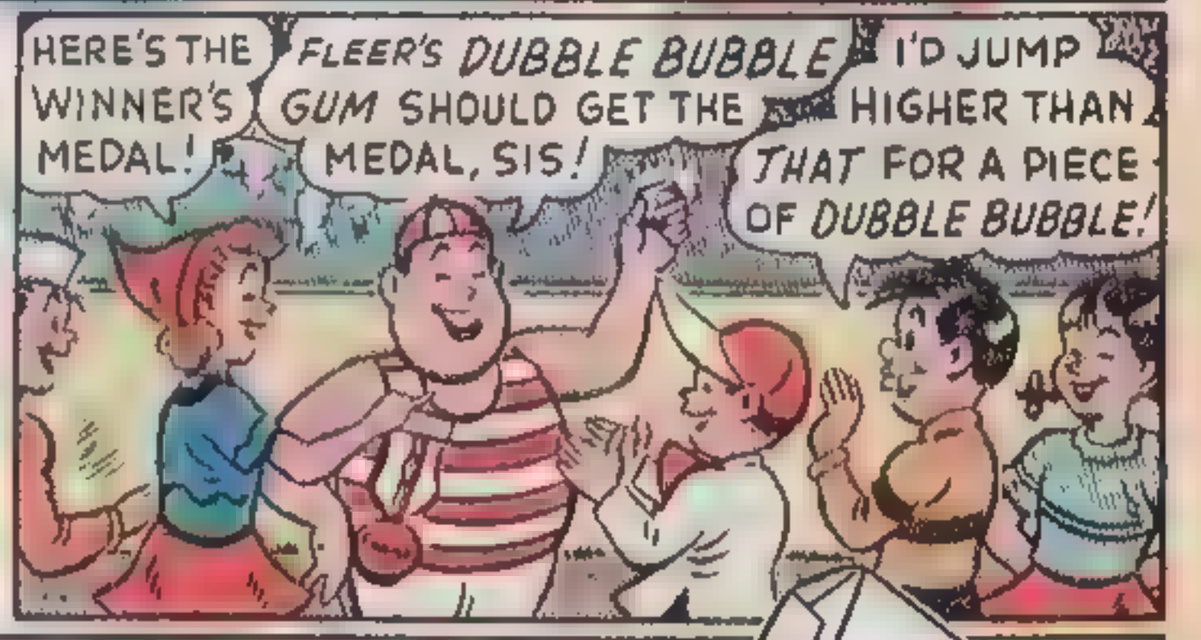
HE··· HE'S *GONE*, ALLEN! WE'VE COME THROUGH THAT ORDEAL··· WE'RE *SAFE!*

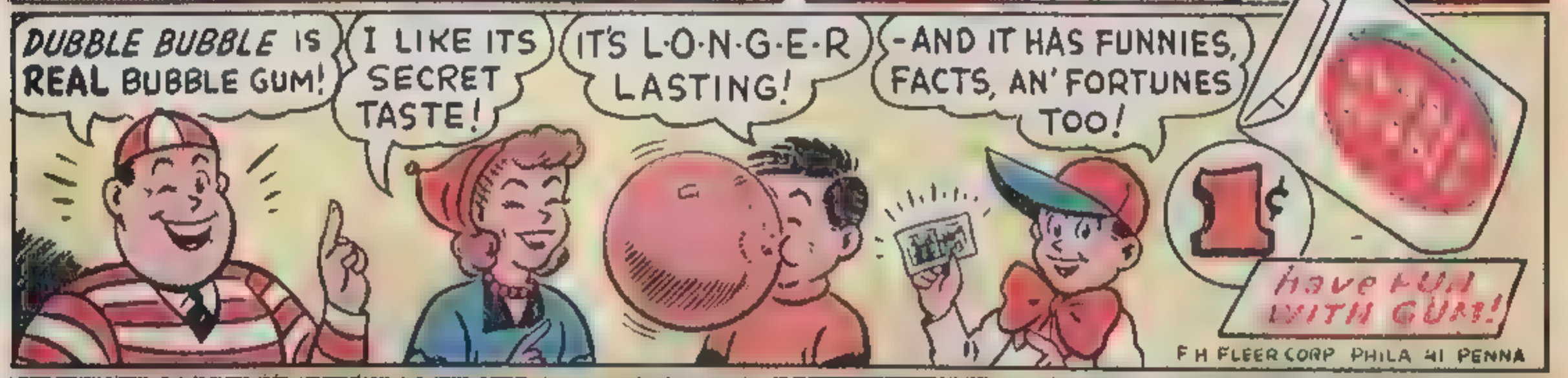
YES, DARLING···AND THE NEXT TIME WE HEAR ANYBODY SAY THAT *LOVE CONQUERS ALL*··· *WE'LL KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN!*

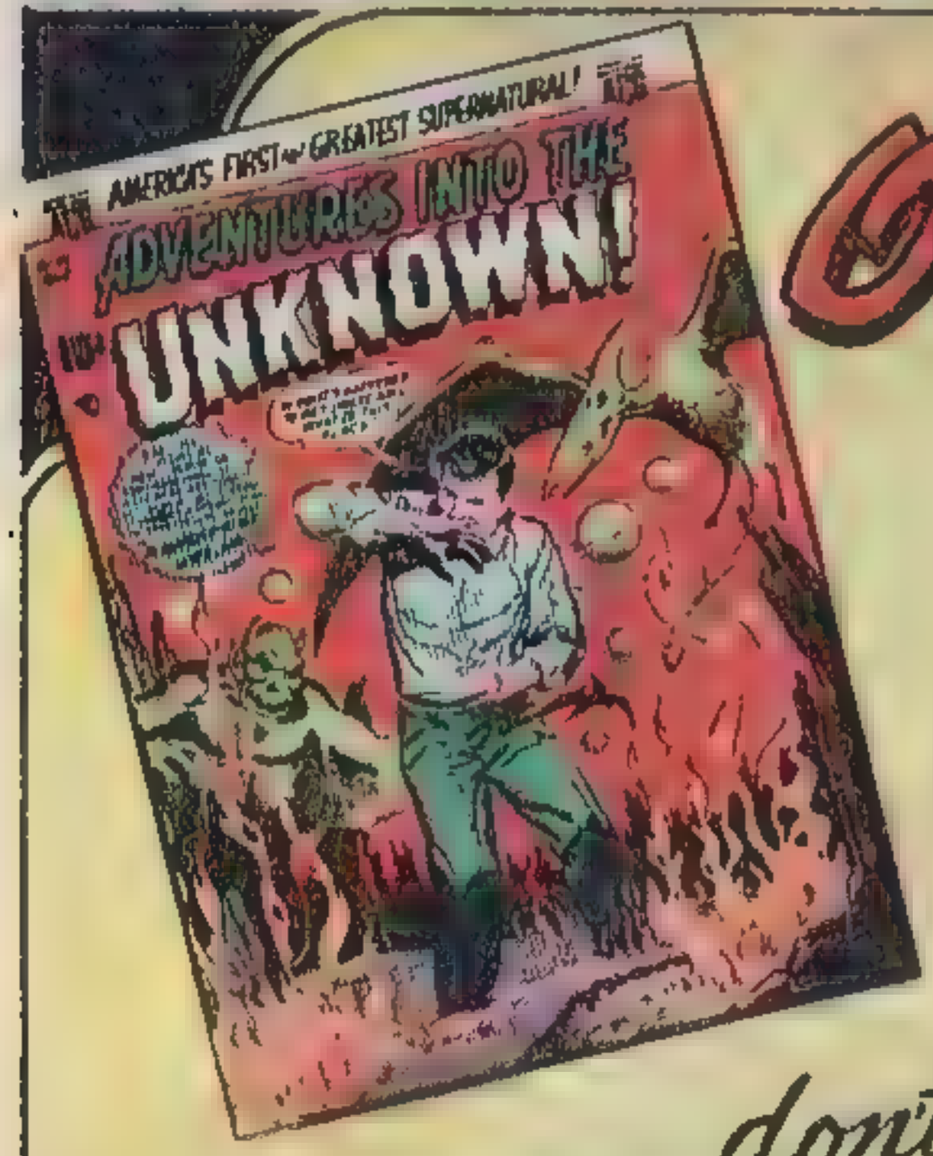
THE END!











Out of this Unknown ...TO YOU!

That's ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT MAGAZINE OF THE SUPERNATURAL! READ IT FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS--- FOR TENSE, SPINE-TINGLING ENTERTAINMENT SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED! FOR GASPS GALORE,

don't miss

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR Favorite NEWSSTAND

Death has Wings

IT HAD NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE! DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THERE HAD BEEN COUNTLESS VICTIMS, YOUNG AND OLD, AND NEVER HAD HE HESITATED! BUT THIS ONE WAS **DIFFERENT!** FOR PULSE-QUICKENING SUSPENSE, READ THIS WEIRD STORY OF DEADLY **VAMPIRISM** -- AND THRILL TO THE TENSE MENACE OF **WINGED DEATH!**

WHY SHOULD I-- HESITATE? WHAT I **AM** TELLS ME WHAT I MUST DO -- AND **YET**---

ON THE BALCONY OF A CRUMBLING OLD DUTCH MANSION, SOMEWHERE ALONG THE HUDSON--

LOOK, SISTER! OUR BROTHERS **LORN** AND **DRAKKO** RETURN!

AND NOT TOO SOON! ALREADY I FEEL THE APRROACH OF **DAWN!**

SOUNDLESSLY, THE PAIR ALIGHT! AND, AS USUAL--THE SISTERS DART FORWARD TO GREET THE ONE CALLED **DRAKKO**--

WELL, DRAKKO, WHAT SORT OF NIGHT DID YOU HAVE?

REWARDING. AS USUAL, HESTER! A YOUNG FARMER, IN THE PRIME OF LIFE! I STRUCK WITH BLINDING FORCE-- HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED!

AND **YOU** LORN? DID YOU HAVE EQUAL SUCCESS?

I'M AFRAID NOT! I HAD -- NO VICTIM!

NO VICTIM! YOU SAY IT SO SIMPLY -- AS THOUGH IT DIDN'T MATTER! BUT YOU KNOW THE LAW THAT GOVERNS OUR KIND -- NOT TO KILL IS TO BRING **SELF-DESTRUCTION!** EVEN NOW YOUR STRENGTH EBBS FROM YOUR BODY -- AND IN A LITTLE WHILE IT MAY BE **TOO LATE!**

DOES IT -- MATTER?

NO, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER **YOU** LIVE OR DIE! BUT YOUR TRAITOROUS, COWARDLY BEHAVIOR IS AN INSULT TO OUR VENERABLE FAMILY NAME!

FOR 300 YEARS WE'VE LIVED AND PROSPERED AS VAMPIRES -- FIRST IN EUROPE, NOW HERE IN AMERICA! IT'S A GOOD LIFE, RICH WITH THE PROMISE OF ETERNITY AND ONE OF WHICH WE SHOULD ALL FEEL PROUD!

SPEAK FOR THE OTHERS -- NOT FOR **ME!**

I FEEL NO PRIDE -- ONLY **DISGUST!** I **DESPISE** THIS BEASTLY FORM MY BODY MUST TAKE EACH NIGHT, AND THE UNHOLY URGE FOR VICTIMS THAT SURGES WITHIN ALL OF OUR KIND! AND EVEN MORE, I DESPISE **YOU** FOR RELISHING THE CURSED THING YOU ARE!

COWARDLY DOG! YOU DARE SPEAK TO **ME** THUS?

STOP... AT ONCE!

SLAP!

ENOUGH OF THIS! THERE WILL BE NO FIGHTING AMONGST OURSELVES! IT IS DAWN, AND WE MUST REST!

VERY WELL, BUT THIS IS NOT THE END! **WE'LL HAVE THIS OUT YET, LORN AND I!**

THE OTHERS SLEEP, BUT NOT LORN! WITH THE RISING OF THE SUN, THE FEARSOME VAMPIRE TRAITS RECEDE; GROW STEADILY FAINTER--

I'M-- RESUMING MY HUMAN FORM! EACH DAY, THE CHANGE COMES-- **BUT IT DOESN'T LAST!**

THE WINGS GO FIRST, THEN THE FANGS! THE BUSHY BROWS THIN DOWN ABOVE THOUGHTFUL, REFLECTIVE EYES--

NOW, ONLY WHEN THE EVIL MARKINGS OF MY CURSE ARE GONE, DARE I THINK OF-- **HER!**

TO THINK THAT ONLY A FEW HOURS AGO, I STOOD BESIDE HER! I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW-- HOW CLEARLY---

"LIKE MAGIC, THE SCENE SEEMED TO FLASH BEFORE ME! FOR WEEKS I HAD BEEN COMING HERE, AND SHE NEVER KNEW, NEVER SUSPECTED..."

'SHE'S SO ALIVE-- SO VERY BEAUTIFUL! ONE STROKE AND I CAN DESTROY IT ALL! IT'S MY NATURE TO KILL, MY VERY LIFE, AND YET... I-- **I CAN'T!**

WHAT IRONY THAT I, A **VAMPIRE**, SHOULD-- **LOVE HER!** I'M A THING OF **EVIL**, STAINED FOR THREE CENTURIES WITH THE BLOOD OF COUNTLESS VICTIMS! AND YET, SINCE FIRST I SAW HER-- **I CANNOT KILL AGAIN!**

"AND SO I WOULD LEAVE! IN THE MANNER IN WHICH I CAME-- AND SHE NEVER KNEW! EACH DAY FOUND ME WEAKER, BUT FILLED WITH A PEACE I HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE..."

AND SO, LORN SLEPT, HIS DREAMS FILLED WITH-- **MEMORIES!** SLOWLY THE DAY PASSED -- AND THE DREADFUL NIGHT DREW ON ONCE MORE!

AWAKEN-- DARKNESS HAS COME! HURRY-- WE MUSTN'T WASTE A SINGLE PRECIOUS MOMENT!

WITH EAGER STROKES OF HIS GREAT WINGS, LORN IS THE FIRST TO LEAVE --

WHERE DOES HE GO, DRAKKO? WHAT HAS CHANGED HIM SO, GIVEN HIM SUCH **PURPOSE?**

IT'S STRANGE-- IN ONE WHOSE VAMPIRE QUESTS ARE VAIN! I **WONDER**---

A SINGLE, BURNING PURPOSE SUSTAINED LORN IN HIS ARDUOUS FLIGHT--

THE LONG NIGHTS WITHOUT PREY HAVE WEAKENED ME, BUT I-- I'VE GOT TO SEE HER AGAIN-- **I MUST!** OOOOOOOOO

SILENTLY, HE ALIGHTS--

DRAKKO AND THE OTHERS MAY DESPISE ME, CALL ME A COWARD-- BUT I'VE FOUND A PEACE **THEY'LL** NEVER KNOW!

EVEN THE **SIGHT** OF HER MAKES ME--- **DRAKKO! YOU!**

SO **THIS** IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING YOUR TIME! NOT THAT I CAN BLAME YOU-- SHE'S **BEAUTIFUL!** SO BEAUTIFUL THAT I'M GOING TO MAKE HER MY **NEXT VICTIM!**

NO... NEVER!

CAN **YOU** HOPE TO STOP ME? YOUR EBBING STRENGTH IS NO MATCH AGAINST **MINE!**

OUT OF MY WAY, **COWARD!**

OH-HH!

MINUTES LATER, AS LORN STRUGGLES TO CONSCIOUSNESS--

THAT CRY! SHE'S IN **DANGER!**

HELP! HELP!

YOU AGAIN? BACK, OR I'LL--

THIS TIME YOU DIE, DRAKKO! I SWEAR IT!

CRAK!

MY-- WING! YOU'RE BREAKING --- ARGHHH!

WITH HIS FINAL STRENGTH, LORN BEARS THE STRUGGLING DRAKKO TO THE TERRACE'S EDGE--

STOP-- DON'T! MY WING'S BROKEN-- I CAN'T FLY!

YOUR DEATH, DRAKKO! TO YOUR DEATH!

AIEEE!

YOU-- YOU'RE A VAMPIRE, TOO, AND I SHOULD FEAR YOU-- BUT I DON'T! I-- YOUR FACE-- IT'S CHANGING!

IT'S DAWN-- THE ONE TIME OF DAY WHEN MY CURSE MUST RELEASE ITS HOLD! BUT IT ALSO MEANS-- MY END!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T LEAP FROM THE TERRACE! YOUR WINGS ARE GONE NOW! -YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! WHY?

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU! AND SINCE IT'S HOPELESS, IT'S FITTING I GO THIS WAY! PERHAPS IN HAVING SAVED YOUR LIFE, THE GUILT OF MY PAST WILL BE SOMEWHAT LESSENED!

SOUNDLESSLY, LORN STEPS OVER THE EDGE! AND AS A CRASH RESOUNDS FROM FAR BELOW--

HE-- HE'S DEAD! M-MAYBE HE WAS EVIL, LED A CURSED LIFE-- BUT HIS SACRIFICE REDEEMED HIM! PERHAPS HE'LL FIND PEACE NOW-- AFTER ALL--

The End

HAUNTED HOUSE

"I WISH I had enough money for a new bike," said Tod Blakely miserably. "The gang's organized an overnight bicycle trip to the State Park, and that thing I ride is just about ready for the junk heap! Gosh, we're gonna spend the night in the camping area and maybe visit the old haunted house over near Smithtown..."

"That'll be enough, son," said Mr. Blakely sternly. "I just can't afford a new bicycle...if you go, it'll have to be on the old one! And don't let me hear any more talk about haunted houses, either... that's just silly *superstition!*"

Well, if it was silly superstition, then the gang was superstitious, all right! Tod's bicycle had broken down entering Smithtown, so they determined to visit the "haunted house" before proceeding to the State Park. It was twilight as they stood before it, and the old house loomed stark and frightening in the gathering gloom, its empty windows staring like blind eyes. None of the boys would go in, and they amused themselves by teasing Tod, daring him to go in. "Tell you what!" said Alf Goodman. "You keep on saying you're not scared, but you won't go in! We double-dare you to spend the *night* there! If you do, each of us will lend you his bike for a week!"

Tod knew he was scared...but the offer was a tempting one, now that his own bicycle seemed to have broken down permanently. The boys kept on daring him...with the inevitable result! So it was that he foundhimself crouched in the main chamber of the old house, trembling and wishing he hadn't been fool enough to take the challenge. The boys had departed, promising to pick him up the next morning...and Tod was having the jitters! At first, he took fright at every creak of the ancient floorboards, but when nothing happened, his fears became allayed and he soon dozed off. It must have been about midnight when he awoke with a start at a scream which made his hair stand on end. Then he saw them...two glowing spheres of light which took shadowy form and hovered in midair near him. One was a fierce-looking old man, the other a ferret-faced little man who seemed to be a servant. Both were clad in mouldering costumes of over a century ago. Obviously, the scream had come from the servant, and small wonder...for his master had seized him by the throat. "You've been stealing my hidden money, you rogue," gritted the spectral old man. Now the other was screaming again ...screaming out a denial. As Tod watched in horrified fear, the old man dragged his captive to the wall, pushed aside a panel and pointed within. "Just a few pieces of gold left where once there was a fortune," he cried...and tightened his grip on the man's throat until he threw him to the floor, lifeless. Then a blinding flash...and both spirits disappeared!

In the light of the full moon, Tod Blakely crept tremblingly to the wall. It was all a dream...it *had* to have been...but he wanted to convince himself. He gasped as he felt the panel yield creakingly to his hands, revealing a dark interior. And groping within it, he felt the dusty outlines of a few coins.

It was bright and early the next morning when the rest of the gang rode up, to find Tod awaiting them smilingly. They refused to believe that he'd spent the night in the old house, and declared that he hadn't won the loan of their bicycles. But oddly enough, Tod didn't seem to ca[illegible]

The gang couldn't figure that out. And they couldn't figure out where Tod had gotten the money for the brand new bicycle which he sported shortly afterwards. And another thing they could never understand was why their friend refused, from that day on, even to ride past the old haunted house near Smithtown!

Domain of THE WERE-BEAST

HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED OF BEING PURSUED THROUGH A TERROR-HAUNTED JUNGLE BY SUPERNATURAL BEINGS EVIL BEYOND BELIEF... OF BEING HUNTED DOWN BY GHOULISH DEMONS WHOSE VERY SIGHT MADE YOUR SKIN CRAWL WITH HORROR? IF SO, THEN YOU KNOW THE AWFUL FEAR ALAN AND MARGOT THORNTON EXPERIENCED WHEN SUCH A NIGHTMARE BECAME A **REALITY**-- WHEN THEY PLUNGED INTO THE **DOMAIN OF THE WERE-BEAST!**

ABOVE THE DENSE JUNGLES OF UNCHARTERED AFRICA...

I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO DETERMINED UPON FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE HUNTERS WHO DISAPPEARED IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE, ALAN! PLEASE -- WHY NOT HEAD BACK?

I **CAN'T**, MARGOT -- SOME OF THOSE HUNTERS WERE MY **FRIENDS** - AND I'VE VOWED TO GET TO THE **BOTTOM** OF THIS MYSTERY!

NO TRACE WAS EVER FOUND OF THE MISSING MEN OR THEIR PARTIES! I THOUGHT I MIGHT GET A LEAD BY FLYING OVER THE AREA BEFORE STARTING A GROUND SEARCH! WAIT -- WHAT'S THAT ODD MIST HANGING JUST ABOVE THE JUNGLE OVER THERE? THINK I'LL DIP DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!

BUT BELOW...

AH, I HEAR A PLANE APPROACHING-- BEARING MORE SPORT FOR ME!

BLAZES --OUR ENGINES JUST CONKED OUT -- WITHOUT ANY REASON!

ALAN -- THE MISTS BELOW US ARE CLEARING!

LOOK -- THE FOG WAS HIDING THAT GREAT GOTHIC MANSION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE! ALAN -- I... I'M SCARED!

THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY QUEER GOING ON HERE--BUT NO TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT NOW! HOLD ON-- I'M GOING TO MAKE A CRASH LANDING!

CR-RRASH!

WE MADE IT, HONEY --- YOU OKAY?

Y-YES-- BUT LOOK!

YE GODS! WHATEVER THOSE THINGS ARE-- THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD! STAND BACK, YOU CREEPS, OR I'LL --

IT'S NO USE -- THE BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM!

NO--BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT FROM THIS WORLD! WE'RE GONERS, MARGOT!

BAM! BAM!

THEY... THEY'VE GOT SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH! I... I CAN'T FIGHT BACK!

DON'T STRUGGLE, ALAN— THEY'RE NOT HARMING US! THEY SEEM TO WANT TO TAKE US SOMEPLACE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HONEY--THEY'RE LEADING US TO THE MANSION! AND LOOK--THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING FOR US!

SEE HERE, YOU --- IF THESE CREEPS TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, ORDER THEM TO UNHAND MY WIFE AND ME! I'M ALAN THORNTON---

AH, YOU MUST BE THE ALAN THORNTON — THE FAMOUS HUNTER! I'M WOLFRAM DUMOND --DELIGHTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! ALLOW MY SERVANTS TO ESCORT YOU INSIDE! I WISH TO SHOW YOU THE REMAINS OF WHAT I HAVE BEEN HUNTING!

THIS IS MY TROPHY ROOM! INTERESTING, EH?

OHH --- HUMAN HEADS --- HOW HORRIBLE!

AND THOSE FACES... I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THEM!

THERE'S JACK PETERS... GUY WALTON... ANDY CAMPBELL... ALL FAMOUS HUNTERS --ALL FRIENDS OF MINE! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE!

YES! I AM A FAMOUS HUNTER TOO, ONLY— I HUNT MEN! ALL THOSE WHO WANDERED INTO MY JUNGLE DOMAIN --ALL THOSE WHO FLEW OVER IT AND WERE FORCED DOWN BY ME --- ALL BECAME MY PREY! AND I HAVE NEVER YET LOST MY QUARRY --- FOR NONE CAN ESCAPE MY FANGS WHEN I HAVE CHANGED INTO MY HUNTING FORM!

THIS FORM!

YE GODS — HE... HE'S A... A...

YES -- A **WERE-BEAST!** A CREATURE CAPABLE OF CHANGING INSTANTLY FROM HUMAN INTO ANIMAL! AND NOW -- I'M GOING TO TURN YOU BOTH LOOSE IN THE JUNGLES WITHOUT WEAPONS -- TO BE HUNTED DOWN BY ME AND MY PETS! SOON YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE **HUNTED** INSTEAD OF THE HUNTER! **OUT WITH THEM!**

I WILL GIVE YOU AN HOUR'S TIME TO FLEE LIKE RABBITS... TO COWER IN YOUR HIDING PLACES LIKE TREMBLING FAWNS -- BUT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, **YOU WILL FALL VICTIM TO MY FANGS BEFORE THE DAY IS DONE!**

RUN, ALAN... **RUN!**

SLOW DOWN, BABY -- A CREATURE LIKE DUMOND HAS FAR MORE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE THAN WE DO -- HE'D BE SURE TO CATCH UP WITH 'IS SOONER OR LATER! I'VE GOT TO TRY TO **OUTWIT** HIM -- AND THAT MEANS USING MY KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING I'VE EVER LEARNED ABOUT THE JUNGLE!

FORTY-FIVE FEVERISH MINUTES LATER...

BUT ARE YOU **SURE** DUMOND WON'T DETECT THAT PITFALL, ALAN?

POSITIVE! NO JUNGLE ANIMAL OR NATIVE HAS EVER DETECTED ONE OF MY TRAPS BEFORE -- AND DUMOND WILL BE NO EXCEPTION! WHEN HE COMES TO THIS SPOT ON THE TRAIL, HE'LL STUMBLE INTO THE PIT AND BE IMPALED ON THOSE SHARP STAKES AT THE BOTTOM!

SOON...

AH, I SENSE A CLEVER TRAP AHEAD -- ONE THAT MIGHT HARM ME, BUT NOT **YOU**, MY PETS! GO -- **GO!**

HAA HA HA HA!

THORNTON IS **CLEVER** -- BUT NOT CLEVER **ENOUGH!** HE FORGOT THAT MY FIENDS CAN'T BE DESTROYED BY NATURAL MEANS!

AFTER THEM!

ALAN--- THEY'RE BEHIND US AGAIN-- AND THEY'RE GAINING!

SO MY TRAP DIDN'T WORK, EH? WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO NOW-- SCALE THAT CLIFF AHEAD OF US AND PRAY THAT WE REACH A SPOT WHERE WE CAN HURL BOULDERS ON THEM!

HA-HA! SOON THEY WILL BE UNABLE TO CLIMB HIGHER--- SOON THEY WILL BE AT MY MERCY!

ALAN--- THOSE ARE HEADLESS SKELETONS! OTHERS MUST HAVE BEEN CAUGHT UP HERE BY DUMOND!

YES---AND THE REASON IS PLAIN TO SEE---NO CREATURE WITHOUT WINGS CAN SCALE THAT VERTICAL CLIFF ABOVE US!

THEN... WE'RE DOOMED! DUMOND AND THOSE CREATURES WILL TEAR US APART!

WAIT--- THERE'S A M'BANGA SHRUB GROWING ON THE LEDGE---MAYBE WE'RE NOT DOOMED!

I'VE HEARD MANY NATIVE TALES ABOUT HOW WITCH-DOCTORS USE THE M'BANGA ROOTS TO SUMMON UP THE SPIRITS OF MEN DESTROYED BY EVIL BEINGS! I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED THOSE TALES---BUT NOW, SINCE NATURAL MEANS CAN'T STOP DUMOND, I'LL HAVE TO TRY SUPERNATURAL MEANS AS A LAST RESORT!

ANYTHING, ALAN---BUT HURRY! THEY... THEY'RE ALMOST AT THE LEDGE!

I'M ALMOST THROUGH---ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS PLACE SOME OF THE ROOTS IN THE HEART CAVITIES OF THOSE WHOSE SPIRITS I WANT TO SUMMON UP! THERE--- THAT DOES IT!

ALAN — THOSE HOVERING SHAPES! HAVE I GONE MAD?

NO, HONEY — THOSE ARE THE SPIRITS OF THE HUNTERS KILLED BY DUMOND! THE M'BANGA ROOTS DID THE TRICK!

IMPS OF TOPHET! THOSE ARE GHOSTS — COMING AFTER ME! DESTROY THEM, MY PETS! TEAR THEM TO PIECES!

IT WON'T WORK, DUMOND! THOSE GHOSTS ARE BODILESS! YOUR POWER IS USELESS AGAINST THEM — BUT THEY CAN DESTROY YOU!

CALL THEM OFF, THORNTON — I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING — YAAAAAGHHH!

THEY FINISHED HIM OFF — DUMOND IS DEAD!

YES... BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS FOLLOWERS!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MARGOT! NOW THAT THEIR MASTER HAS BEEN DESTROYED, THEY'RE DISINTEGRATING!

ARRRGHH!

LOOK, ALAN — THE SPIRITS OF YOUR FRIENDS — THEY'RE RECEDING!

YES — BACK TO THE WORLD THEY WERE SUMMONED FROM! THANKS, LADS — AND GOOD HUNTING, WHEREVER YOU GO!

•The End•

WHEN THE RUSSIANS GAINED CONTROL OF THE VAST AND FORBIDDING FORCES WHICH LURK WITHIN THE ATOM--THE WHOLE WORLD SHUDDERED! BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED-- UTTERLY UNEXPECTED AND TERRIFYING---

IN THE WAKE OF THE BOMB

NOTIFY THE KREMLIN AT ONCE! WE HAVE SUCCEEDED!

WHEN SCIENTISTS INCHED FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE BOMB CRATER--

COMRADE--LOOK! WHAT IS IT?

ANCIENT RUINS! SEND FOR ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPERTS! THE BLAST MAY HAVE UNCOVERED SOMETHING *IMPORTANT!*

AFTER MONTHS OF EXCAVATION--

INCREDIBLE! AN ENTIRE CIVILIZATION BROUGHT TO LIGHT AFTER 20,000 YEARS--*THE OLDEST ARCHEOLOGICAL RUING IN THE WORLD!*

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS--AS *PROPOGANDA?*

THUS, A GREAT DISCOVERY WAS TURNED INTO MERE GRIST FOR THE COMMUNIST PROPOGANDA MILL!

AS IS WELL KNOWN-- CIVILIZATION ITSELF WAS *INVENTED* IN RUSSIA!

THE NOBLE TRADITIONS OF THE RED ARMY CAN BE TRACED BACK 20,000 YEARS!

PREMIER STALIN WAS VOTED THANKS FOR HIS FORESIGHT IN ORDERING THE BOMB EXPLODED SO THAT THE RUINS WOULD BE DISCOVERED!

MEANWHILE, AS EXCAVATION CONTINUED--

THAT CYLINDER WAS BURIED UNUSUALLY DEEP-- AND IT'S FASHIONED OF A METAL NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

MOST INTERESTING-- OBVIOUSLY IT CONTAINS SOMETHING **VERY IMPORTANT!**

USING ACETYLENE TORCHES, THE STRANGE CYLINDER WAS FINALLY OPENED! WITHIN--AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!

SCROLLS OF PARCHMENT --THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! AND THEY CONTAIN *WRITING!*

BETTER SEND THESE TO PROFESSOR *MITYA SCHERNY!*

AT THE HOME OF THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT LANGUAGES--

GENTLEMEN, THIS LANGUAGE IS NOT RELATED TO THE INDO-EUROPEAN OR ASIATIC GROUPINGS! IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO DECIPHER!

MAKE HASTE, SCHERNY--THE PARTY CAN'T WAIT! FOR PROPOGANDA PURPOSES, WE NEED A TRANSLATION *NOW!*

BUT SUCCESS WAS ACHIEVED ONLY AFTER MONTHS OF PAINSTAKING EFFORT--

YOU'VE KEPT US WAITING LONG ENOUGH! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

THESE SCROLLS REVEAL MATTERS OF INCALCULABLE IMPORTANCE-- AND THE FACT THAT **WE ARE ALL IN GREAT DANGER!** LISTEN---

"THEY TELL OF A GREAT AND POWERFUL CIVILIZATION--WHICH HAD CONQUERED ALL OF THE KNOWN WORLD--"

"THE KINGDOM-- *KARONA*-- WAS RULED BY AN ALL-POWERFUL AND EVIL KING-- *MUL-HAMMIN THE MAGNIFI-CENT!*"

"BUT OUTSIDE THE PALACE WALLS, THERE WAS ONLY MISERY, HUNGER, AND SQUALOR--"

"AND WHEN THE PEOPLE MANAGED TO PUT THEIR GRIEVANCES BEFORE THE RULER -- "

THE PEOPLE STARVE WHILE THE STATE GRANERIES ARE FILLED TO OVERFLOWING! WE BEG YOUR *MERCY*, MULHAMMIN -- TAKE STEPS BEFORE WE PERISH!

THROW THE FOOL TO THE DOGS! THESE ARE THE STEPS MULHAMMIN THE MAGNIFICENT, TAKES!

MOST *INSTRUCTIVE*, SCHERNY! THE KING RULED WELL AND WISELY -- HE HAD LEARNED THE NECESSITY OF DESTROYING OPPOSITION AND UNDER-MINING THE MORALE OF POTENTIAL ENEMIES!

YES? BUT WAIT -- THERE *IS MORE* TO THIS HISTORY-- *MUCH MORE!*

"THE FIRST INKLING OF THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH AWAITED THAT ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OCCURRED IN THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY--"

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S A SMALL BLACK PLANET, HURTLING *STRAIGHT AT THE EARTH!* *INFORM THE KING!*

DESTRUCTION FACES US, YOUR MAJESTY! THE STRANGE PLANET SPEEDS CLOSER EACH MINUTE! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

DO? FOOL, THE GODS ARE ANGRY! ASSEMBLE 1,000 MAIDENS -- AND HAVE THEM SLAUGHTERED ON OUR SACRED ALTARS AS A SACRIFICE!

"NEXT DAY--"

LET THE AXE FALL!

AND LET US ALSO PRAY THAT THE GODS RELENT-- OR WE ARE *DOOMED!*

"MEANWHILE, IN THE REACHES OF SPACE--"

FORWARD--FULL SPEED! PREPARE FOR ATTACK!

"WHEN THE KARONIANS DISCOVERED THAT THE BLACK PLANET WAS ACTUALLY A *HUGE BLACK SPHERE*-- IT WAS *TOO LATE!*"

DEATH TO HUMANKIND! DEATH TO THE WICKED AND EVIL!

NO--NO! YAAGHHH!

"AS THE SPACEMEN SPREAD CARNAGE FAR AND WIDE--"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH *THIS* ONE? HE CLAIMS TO BE RULER OF THE KINGDOM!

HANG HIM! THEN SEND ME OUR SCRIBE! HE SHALL SET DOWN THE HISTORY AND FATE OF THIS WICKED PEOPLE FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS TO READ-- AS A WARNING!

--AND FINALLY, STATE THAT WE OF OUTER SPACE WILL BE WATCHING THIS MISERABLE PLANET, AND IF EVIL HERE EVER BECOMES INTOLERABLE TO US AGAIN, WE WILL *RE-TURN*-- AND WOE TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE! NOW LET THE SCROLLS BE SEALED IN THE SHAFT OF GTYRONE METAL--SO THAT IT MAY WITHSTAND THE ONSLAUGHTS OF TIME!

"WHEN THE SPACEMEN MOVED OFF--"

THE LAND BURNS LIKE A FLAMING COAL! BETTER THUS--LET FUTURE LIFE THERE START FRESH--WITH NO TRACE OF THE EVIL OF THE PAST!

AS THE READING OF THE TRANSLATION ENDED--

IS THIS A **JOKE**, COMRADE SCHERNY? THE WHOLE THING'S **ABSURD**--A TYPICAL CAPITALIST FAIRY TALE!

BUT IT'S TRUE TO THE TRANSLATION--EVERY WORD OF IT! AND THE PEOPLE MUST KNOW THE **TRUTH**--*BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!*

MITYA SCHERNY SOON LEARNED THE FATE OF INDEPENDENT THINKERS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE--

BUT I HAVE DONE NOTHING **WRONG!** YOU CAN'T KILL ME FOR SPEAKING THE **TRUTH!**

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE PARTY HAS DECREED THAT NO WORD OF YOUR TRANSLATION MUST REACH THE PEOPLE! AND SINCE YOU CANNOT BE TRUSTED TO HOLD YOUR TONGUE-- YOU MUST DIE FOR THE GOOD OF THE **CAUSE!**

DESPITE THE MOST INTENSIVE EFFORTS, RUMORS OF MITYA SCHERNY'S DISCOVERY TRAVELED THROUGH RUSSIAN SCIENTIFIC AND POLITICAL CIRCLES! SOMETIME AFTERWARD--IN THE MOSCOW OBSERVATORY..

CURIOUS--TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW WE'VE PICKED UP THIG UNEXPECTED SPOT ON OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES! IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOME SMALL BLACK HEAVENLY BODY WERE HURTLING TOWARDS US AT TREMENDOUS SPEED!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF "PRAVDA"--

COMRADE EDITOR! ALL DAY THESE REPORTS HAVE BEEN COMING IN FROM ALL OVER RUSSIA! THEY SAY...

I **KNOW** WHAT THEY SAY! BAH-- ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT A STRANGE BLACK PLANET-- AND ALL BECAUSE THAT FOOL SCHERNY'S STORY LEAKED OUT!

LATER, AS THE REPORTERS DROVE TO THEIR HOMES OUTSIDE OF MOSCOW--

THE EDITOR WAS RIGHT--THOSE REPORTS WERE MERE NONGENGE! STILL-- IT'S CURIOUS THAT---

IVAN! LOOK!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT--CAN'T BE!

BUT IT IS!

AS THE BLACK SPHERE ROARED TOWARD THE KREMLIN--

BUT--WHAT DOES IT **MEAN?** EVEN IF MEN FROM SPACE **WERE** TO COME TO EARTH TO PUNISH THE WICKED-- WOULD THEY PICK ON GREAT **MOTHER RUSSIA?**

I... WONDER...?

THE END

OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

LET'S START OFF in the customary way...by conveying our heartiest greetings to all of you...our readers and loyal fans of *"Out Of The Night"*!

It's another issue...another fascinating subject to talk over! This time, it's in response to the many letters we've received asking us *why* we selected the title *"Out Of The Night"* for this magazine. The intimation was that there were many other more obvious titles which might have been employed. Well...not to us, there weren't! Study our title for a moment...think about it ...and then ask yourselves if any name could be more appropriate, more directly suited to a publication which deals with the fascinating world of the supernatural! Since the beginning of mankind, the night has been associated with the *Unknown*. Even primitive man awoke, shivering, from the fear-laden dreams in which strange, eerie beings menaced him. The very name for such dreams...*nightmares*...suggests the strange things that are abroad *by night*. We humans don't fear what we can see. But when dark covers up the known, it's time for the *Unknown* to emerge. And from out of the darkness...out of the night... come all of the eerie denizens of the vast realm of the supernatural. Ghosts, vampires, werewolves...all shun the light of the day and seek the cover of blackness. And since it is with such strange beings that we deal, what better title for our magazine than the very source of its subject-matter..."*Out Of The Night*"!

You'll find a lot in this present issue that *more* than justifies this title! And we think you'll like it, too. It's been a long time since a more eerily challenging story than *"The Weird Wager"* has come to our attention. *"Death Has Wings"* is a vampire story with a *new* twist, and it's fascinating! You'll get a real kick out of *"Domain of The Were-Beast"*...and a pulse-stirring thrill from *"In The Wake of The Bomb"*. And rounding out the issue is *"The Fountain of Age"*, a weird story with a punch ending that'll leave you gasping!

Please write and tell us how you like this issue...and what you'd like to see in future issues! Address your letter to The Editor, *Out Of The Night*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. And for what a few of our other readers are saying...here goes!

"Dear Editor:-

I've just finished reading the latest issue of 'Out Of The Night' *and think it's grand! I've read many other supernatural comics, but yours seems to appeal to me most. Your stories seem more lifelike and keep me in suspense longer. An ardent reader...*

--Robert Klimas, Cleveland, Ohio."

"Dear Editor:-

Congratulations for publishing the greatest supernatural comics on the market! 'Out Of The Night' *should be a smash success. Among the large numbers of supernatural comics on the market, I've noticed that yours are the fastest-selling of them all. Because they sell so rapidly, I've asked my magazine dealer to reserve copies for me the moment they come in. A devoted reader...*

--Kenneth R. Davis, Racine, Wis."

"Dear Editor:-

I am 13 years old and have read almost all supernatural comics, but 'Out Of The Night' *tops them all. Keep up the good work!*

--Joanie Steele, Harper Woods, Mich."

NOT LONG AGO AN INCREDIBLY OLD MAN DIED IN THE CAPETOWN HOSPITAL! SO WHAT? NOTHING···EXCEPT THAT UPON INVESTIGATION THE AUTHORITIES LEARNED THAT HE HAD BEEN ONLY THIRTY YEARS OLD! "IMPOSSIBLE," YOU SAY? BUT WAIT···JOURNEY WITH US TO DARKEST AFRICA···EXPLORE SOME OF ITS DREAD SECRETS, AND DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED ABOUT···

The FOUNTAIN of AGE!

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE ALL REPLICAS OF ME···AT DIFFERENT AGES! HELP!

OLD CURIO SHOP

DAN NEWTON, GEOLOGIST, WAS NEW TO SOUTH AFRICA! HE CAN BE EXCUSED FOR TRYING TO CROSS THE GREAT KALAHARI DESERT WITHOUT ENOUGH WATER···

BWANA···THE WATER IS GONE···WE DIE OF THIRST!

I'D GIVE ALL THE URANIUM IN AFRICA FOR A DRINK MYSELF! STOP COMPLAINING!

NOR COULD HE BE BLAMED FOR SCOFFING AT THE SUPERSTITIONS OF HIS GUIDES···

LOOK···THAT STRANGE FOUNTAIN ···IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT! MUST BE A MIRAGE!

IT IS A FOUNTAIN, BWANA···BUT DO NOT GO NEAR IT! IT IS JU-JU···CURSED!

WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY? GET OUT OF MY WAY!

NO···IT IS BETTER TO DIE THAN DRINK THIS WATER!

CRAZED BY THIRST, DAN COMMITTED THE GRAVEST ERROR OF HIS LIFE···AND FOR THIS, THERE WAS NO EXCUSE!

OUT OF MY WAY, BLAST YOU···ALL OF YOU!

BANG! BANG!

PERHAPS HE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED MORE CLOSELY AT THOSE STRANGE STATUES!

AH···THAT WATER HITS THE SPOT! THOSE NATIVES MUST'VE BEEN INSANE!

WEEKS LATER, DAN MADE HIS WAY TO A COASTAL TOWN AND BOARDED A SHIP···

ATLANTIC LINES

STRANGE···I'VE ESCAPED DEATH···I'M GOING HOME TO MY SWEETHEART··· WHY DON'T I FEEL THAT SURGE OF YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM, AS USUAL? INSTEAD, I'M TIRED··· WANT TO REST!

AS HE TURNED TO BID AFRICA FAREWELL, DAN GAVE A STRANGLED GASP···

WELL, OF ALL THE···! IT'S···INCREDIBLE!

THAT FELLOW ON THE PIER···HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME ···EXCEPT THAT HE'S ABOUT TEN YEARS OLDER!

WHERE?

WHAT FELLOW? THE PIER'S DESERTED!

HUH? I WAS SURE THERE WAS SOMEONE THERE!

PERHAPS THE DREAM THAT NIGHT WAS CAUSED BY THE STRAIN OF HIS PAST HARDSHIPS---

IT---IT'S THE MAN ON THE PIER ---MY AGING DOUBLE!

BUT---WAS IT A DREAM?

FINGERMARKS--- ON MY THROAT! I ---I MUST HAVE DONE IT MYSELF! I MUST HAVE!

THE NIGHTMARE VOYAGE WAS OVER AT LAST---AND RITA WAS WAITING---

YOU LOOK THE SAME, DAN--- ONLY YOU SEEM OLDER!

SIX MONTHS AWAY FROM YOU IS LIKE SIX YEARS, DARLING!

FORGOTTEN WAS THE HORROR OF THE PAST---ONLY THE HAPPY FUTURE COUNTED---

'BYE FOR NOW, SWEETHEART ---SEE YOU AT EIGHT!

RIGHT!

BUT THE HAPPINESS VANISHED ABRUPTLY---AS STARK TERROR RE-TURNED!

MY DOUBLE--- AGAIN! BUT NOW HE'S---TWENTY YEARS OLDER!

SHATTERED NERVES RESPONDED VIOLENTLY!

MY FIST---IT WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

HE'S DISAPPEARED ---COMPLETELY! I MUST BE GOING INSANE!

THEN··· PANIC!

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! GOT TO··· HIDE!

BUT BLOCKING HIS PATH···

ANOTHER ONE··· OLDER, THIS TIME!

MORE OF THEM···AND THEY'RE ALL ME AT DIFFERENT AGES! STAND BACK··· BACK!

BUT FROM ALL SIDES THEY CAME··· CRUEL, RELENTLESS!

N-NO! HELP!

A BLACK MIST CLOUDED DAN'S MIND FOR DAYS! THEN ···STILL SHACKLED BY HORRIFYING MEMORIES, HE AWOKE···

WHAT··· HAPPENED?

YOU WERE FOUND RAVING IN THE STREET, SUFFERING FROM SHOCK!

CURIOUS, BUT YOU BABBLED LIKE AN **OLD MAN**! DELIRIOUS, I GUESS ··· YOU'RE OKAY NOW ···SO I'M RELEASING YOU!

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, DEAR!

AT HIS DOOR, DAN FELT A STRANGE INNER COMPULSION! SOMEHOW, HE KNEW THAT INSIDE, SOMETHING **AWFUL** WAS WAITING!

RITA···PLEASE GO HOME! I'LL SEE YOU THIS EVENING···

WELL, ALL RIGHT··· I GUESS YOU DO WANT TO REST!

1B

DAN OPENED THE DOOR SLOWLY··· AND THERE···

SO···YOU HAVE COME, AT LAST!

YE GODS··· THEY'RE THE ASKARI NATIVES I SHOT IN AFRICA! BUT--IT CAN'T BE!

I MUST KEEP CALM···MAYBE I CAN TALK MY WAY OUT OF THIS!

W--WELL···WHY HAVE YOU COME?

WE WARNED YOU NOT TO DRINK FROM THE FOUNTAIN! NOW YOU MUST PAY···NOT FOR MURDERING US ···BUT FOR DEFLYING THE ANCIENT TABOO OF THE FOUNTAIN OF AGE!

DAN KNEW NOW THAT TALK WAS USELESS! HE ACTED SWIFTLY··· LEAPED FOR HIS RIFLE CASE!

I KILLED YOU ONCE···I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

BANG! BANG!

FOOL···YOU CANNOT HARM THE DEAD! AND NOW ···I BRING DOWN UPON YOU THE CURSE OF THE ASKARIS! ALREADY, YOUR LIFE IS EBBING AWAY!

HUH? BUT ···I FEEL FINE!

NO···EVEN NOW YOU BEGIN TO GROW OLD, TO DIE! SOON YOU WILL HAVE PAID THE PENALTY··· IN FULL!

THEN···THOSE OLD MEN--THEY WERE···

···YOUR AGING SPIRIT···WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY CLAIMED! YOUR BODY IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW!

WAIT! IS THERE ANY WAY TO OVERCOME THIS TERRIBLE CURSE? I'LL DO··· ANYTHING!

WE CARE NOT WHO PAYS FOR YOUR CRIME···SO LONG AS THE ASKARI VENGEANCE IS SATISFIED! IF SOMEONE WOULD TAKE YOUR PLACE···

NO, I'LL FIGHT MY *OWN* BATTLES ---AND PAY MY OWN *DEBTS!* *DON'T FOLLOW ME!*

WE DO NOT HAVE TO--- YOUR FATE IS SEALED!

A DREADFUL LONELINESS CONSUMED DAN! ABOVE ALL, HE HAD TO SPEND HIS LAST MOMENTS WITH THE WOMAN HE LOVED! AND WHEN RITA ANSWERED THE FRANTIC KNOCKING---

DARLING--- LET ME IN!

WH---WHO ARE *YOU?*

FEARFULLY, UNBELIEVING, SHE LISTENED TO THE FANTASTIC TALE! AND WHEN IT WAS FINISHED---

THIS IS WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE---I BROUGHT IT BACK FROM THE FOUNTAIN, FOR A SOUVENIR!

I---I *STILL* DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE *NOT* DAN!

M-MY HEART! THIS IS THE END! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, DARLING!

THAT *SCAR* ON HIS NECK---IT *IS* DAN! SWEETHEART--- *WAIT!*

Then---THE FORCE OF TRUE LOVE PROVED STRONGER THAN THE WILL TO LIVE---

HE'S STILL ALIVE---AND THE NATIVE SAID SOMEONE *ELSE* COULD TAKE HIS PLACE! HE'S A SCIENTIST, *VALUABLE* TO THE WORLD---AND I LOVE HIM! SO---

SUDDENLY, THE BLOOD QUICKENED IN DAN'S VEINS! HE AWOKE---TO A SIGHT THAT WOULD HAUNT HIS REMAINING DAYS!

I'M *YOUNG* AGAIN! BUT RITA--- *SHE DRANK THE WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN!* SHE'S--- NO--- *NO!*

---AND SOMEWHERE IN THE TRACKLESS WASTE OF THE KALAHARI DESERT, IS AN OLD FOUNTAIN! BUT NOW, THERE'S A NEW STATUE ---WHICH STANDS OUT IN STRANGE CONTRAST TO ALL THE OTHERS!

THE END!

BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want* to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germy fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing $1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way — just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get $1 back. Order today!

No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 506
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

- Skinny, Weak and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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